
was! "when I come I'll come by the door,
an' I adrise you to do the same, me darlin'".
This hot air isn't good for yer little lungs."

delight. "Whoop!" said he; "to think of
 cold Clabbe caught by the wits of a
 choild. O, Kathleen Mavourneen! ay ye

He and you and I were all boys our
selves, and you cannot make an old
man out of a boy." — *Washington Post*

not suffer the harm from early frosts that may ruin the harvest of undrained fields.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

An English writer says "a great calamity will very soon visit America." Is it a professional beauty or a lecturer?
N. Y. Graphic.

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